

VAMPI

FALLOUT

PART TWO

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WHAT HAS COME BEFORE

AS

Vampi herself might point, being caught between a rock and a hard place is becoming second nature. From

the Valusians lair, to the labs of Dr. Anger, Vampi has more than just the task of taking out the bad guy.

Connie's still on her mind. Vampi feels responsible for the girl getting into this mess, and it's up to her to get her out. If she's still alive. And if she's not, she unleash all of hell on the one who did that to her.

That beast.

That beast who is now right beside her as she battles the Dreadnauts, the mechanical monsters who just won't hold back. She's not sure where he's come from at this moment or any other, but she's in it for a fight and a fight they'll all get.

And this new guy, this Dr. Anger, has been in league with the Valusians. So, even though she destroyed them, they still have their claws in her.

Think about what she's seen in this short venture: a golden couple whose mask fell to reveal golden beasts; full fear of imaginary creatures that turned out to be not so imaginary; sacrifices for the golden good; science merged with magic; soldiers doing their jobs felled by... things. If it wasn't so brutal, it would be just another day on the job.

With the body count growing, and the end of the world nearing, Vampi is focused and can simply hope as she aims the tip of her blade into the throat of what -- or who -- stands before her.





IT'S TIMES LIKE THIS WHEN SENTENCES CONTAINING THE WORDS "ROCK" AND "HARD PLACE" INEVITABLY SPRING TO MIND.



THESE THINGS-- DREADNAUTS-- ALREADY MASSACRED AN ENTIRE SQUAD OF SPECIAL FORCES TROOPS.



I CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR CONNIE...

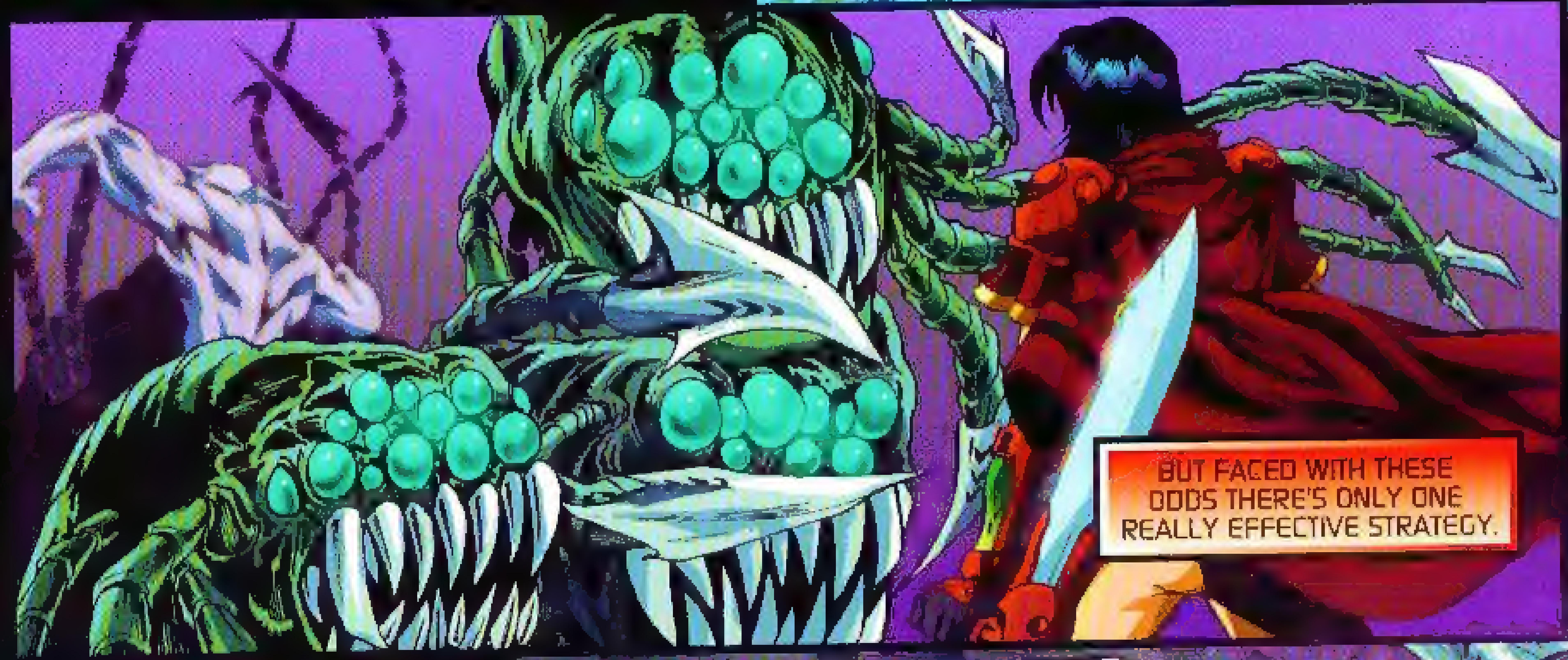
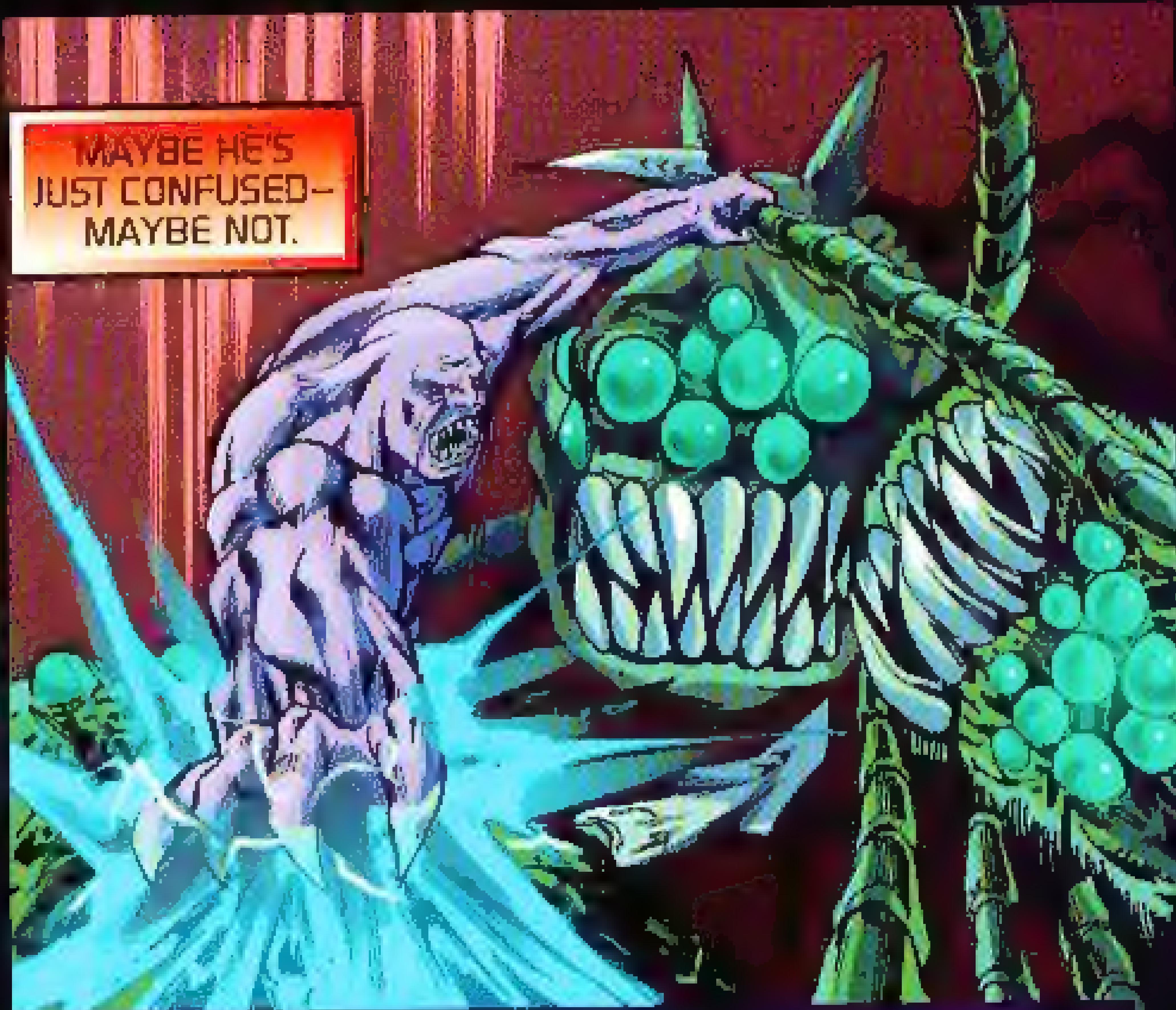
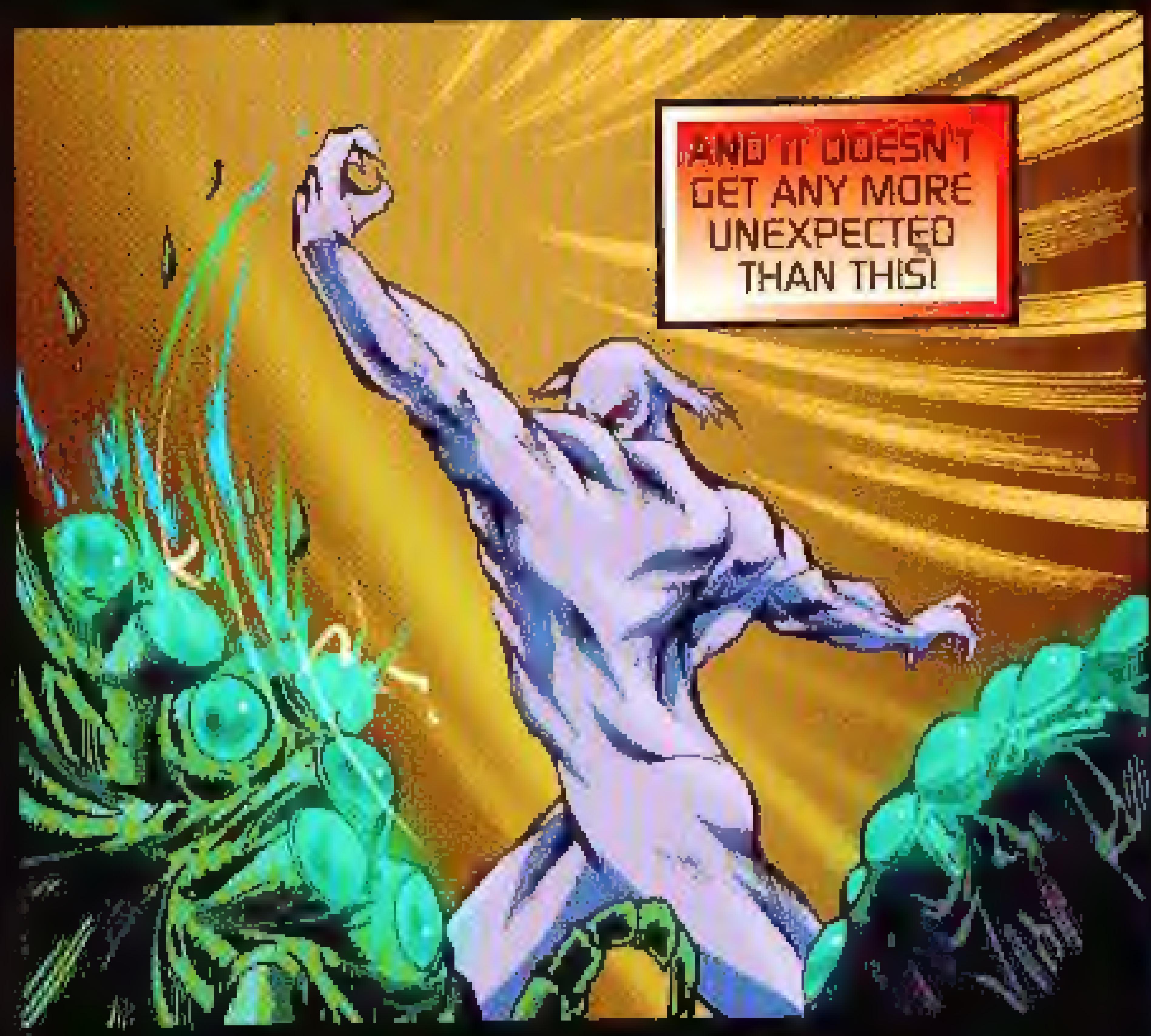
BUT FOUND HIM INSTEAD.



STILL, THE KEY TO SURVIVING THESE SITUATIONS IS TO ALWAYS EXPECT...

... THE UNEXPECTED!

RRARRGHHAH!



AS FAR AS MACHINES GO--



THESE DREADNAUTS ARE ABOUT AS SOPHISTICATED AND DEADLY AS THEY COME.

BUT THEY ARE JUST MACHINES. PROGRAMMED. PREDICTABLE.

AND THAT IS THEIR FATAL ACHILLES HEEL



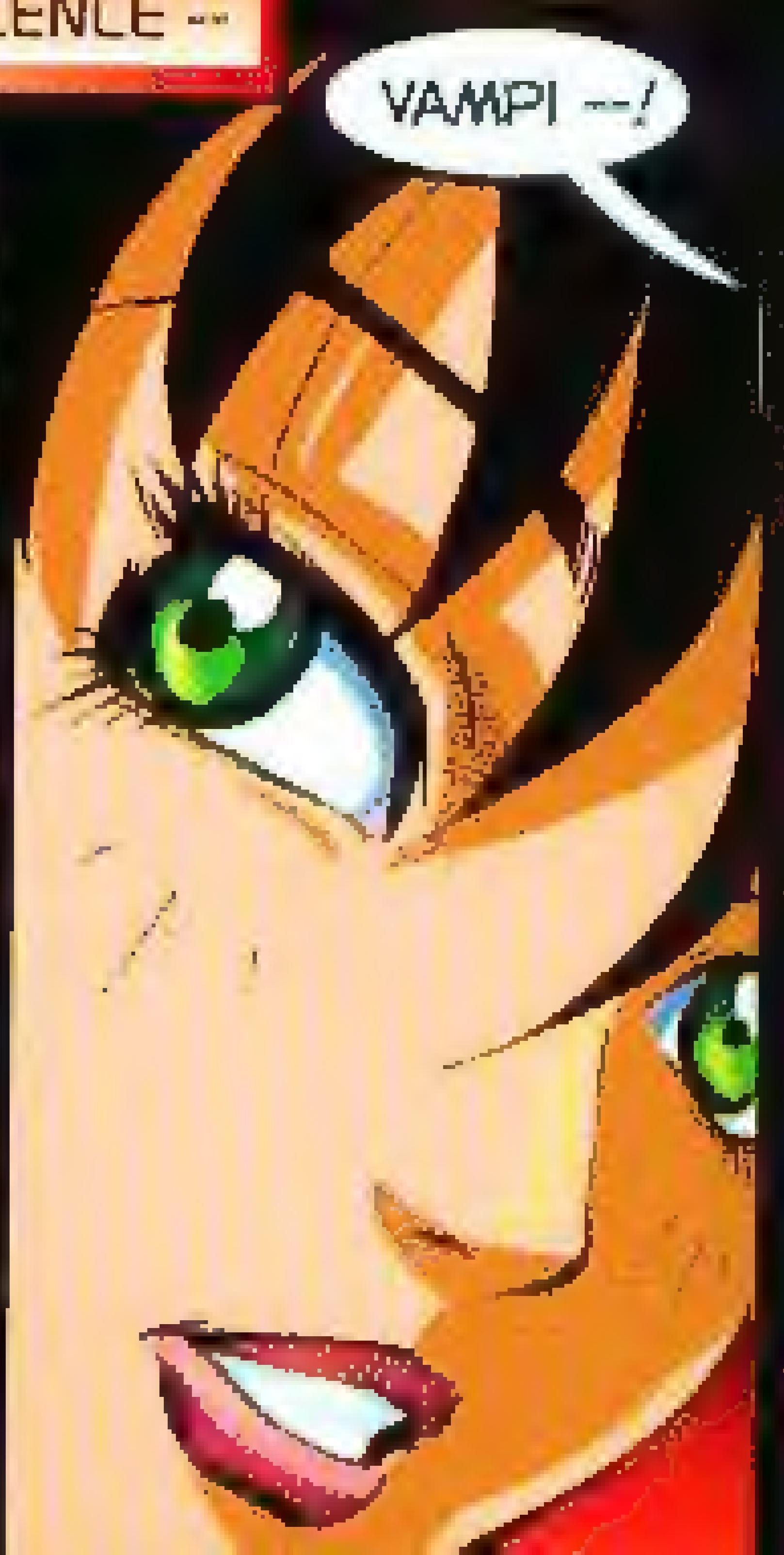
THE REAL SECRET OF OUR SURVIVAL

THEY LACK THE ESSENTIAL QUALITY WE MONSTERS SHARE.



ASIDE, FROM OUR OBVIOUS TALENT FOR VIOLENCE --

VAMPI --!





SOME MIGHT CALL IT A GIFT-- ME, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO CALL IT.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO... WELL, HEAL THINGS...

BUT THE PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE BLAMED ME FOR THE SICKNESS THAT DESTROYED THE CROPS AND THE ANIMALS, DENOUNCED ME AS SOME KIND OF WITCH.

THE SAME TOXIC WASTE THAT POISONED OUR LAND WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY CHANGE.

AFTER THAT, MY PARENTS TOOK TO HIDING ME AWAY.

THAT'S WHY I WASN'T TAKEN WHEN THE VALUSIANS RAIDED SANTA SANGRE.

I GUESS I OWE MY LIFE TO SUPERSTITION AND FEAR...

--AND THE "LEGENDARY CHUPACABRA"!

HE WAS JUST ANOTHER VICTIM-- SOMEONE HAD DELIBERATELY DESTROYED THE SPEECH CENTERS IN HIS BRAIN.

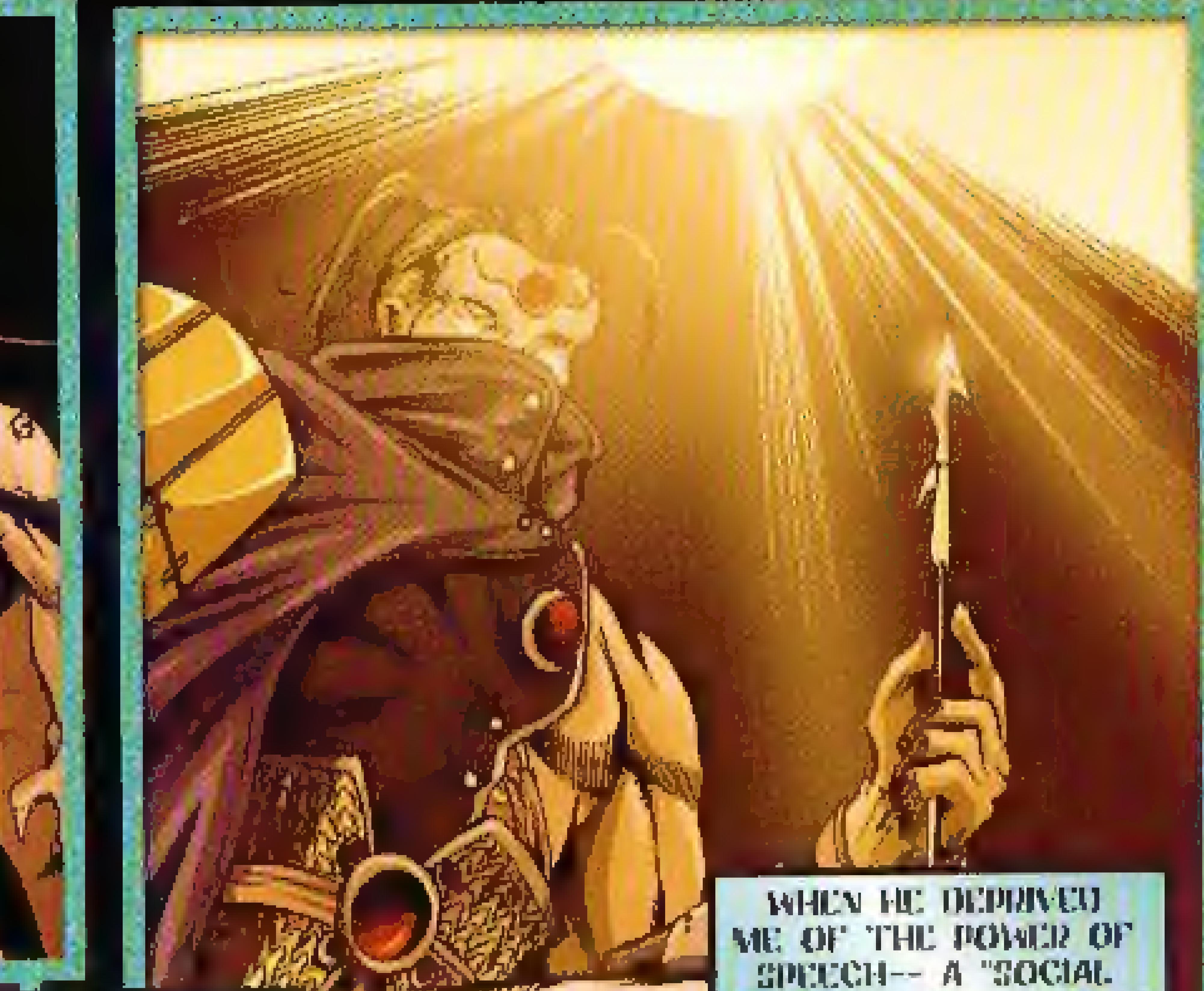
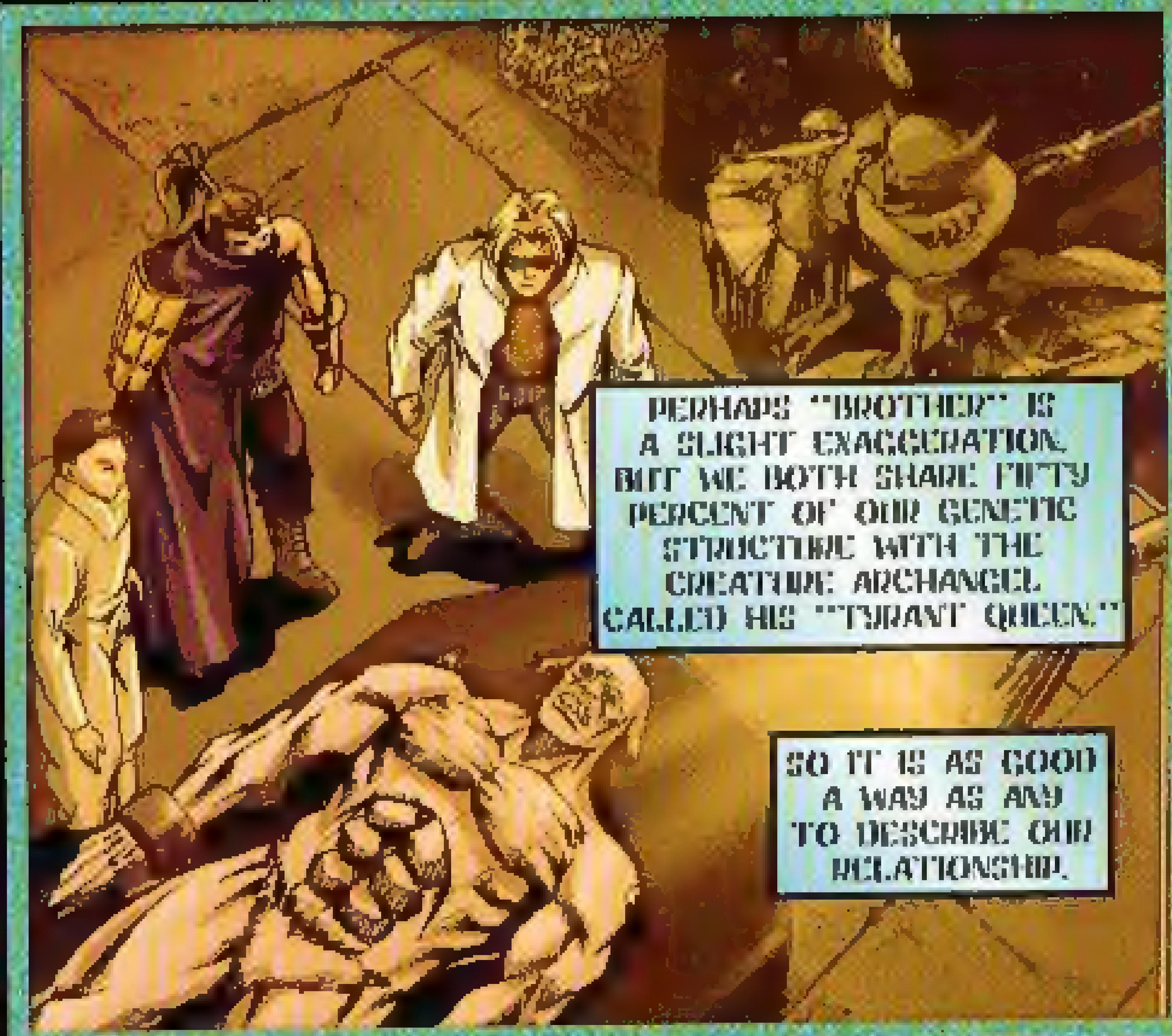
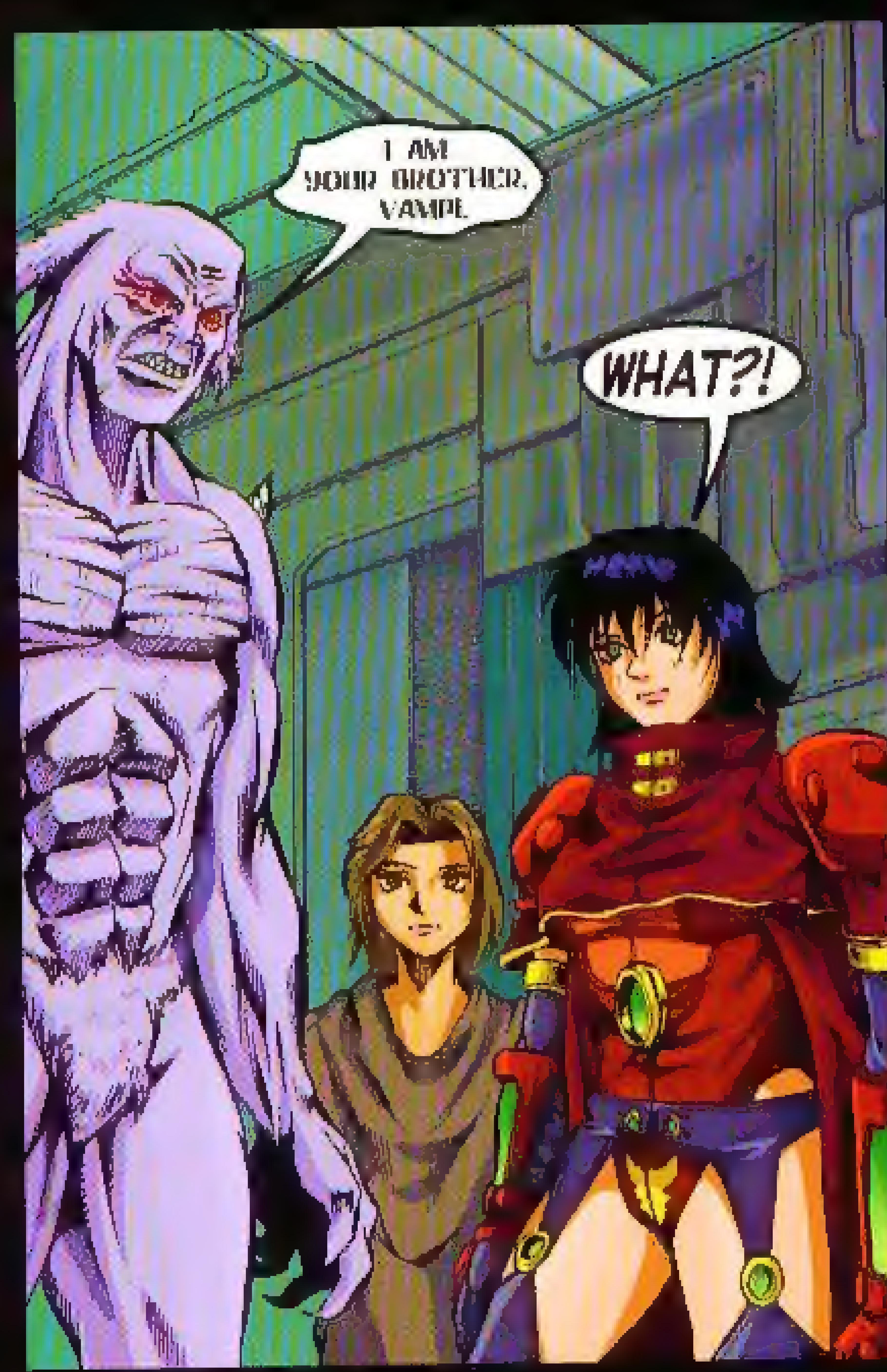
REPAIRING THEM SEEMED LIKE THE LEAST I COULD DO.

OKAY, I GUESS I MISJUDGED YOU. BUT JUST WHAT ARE YOU REALLY?

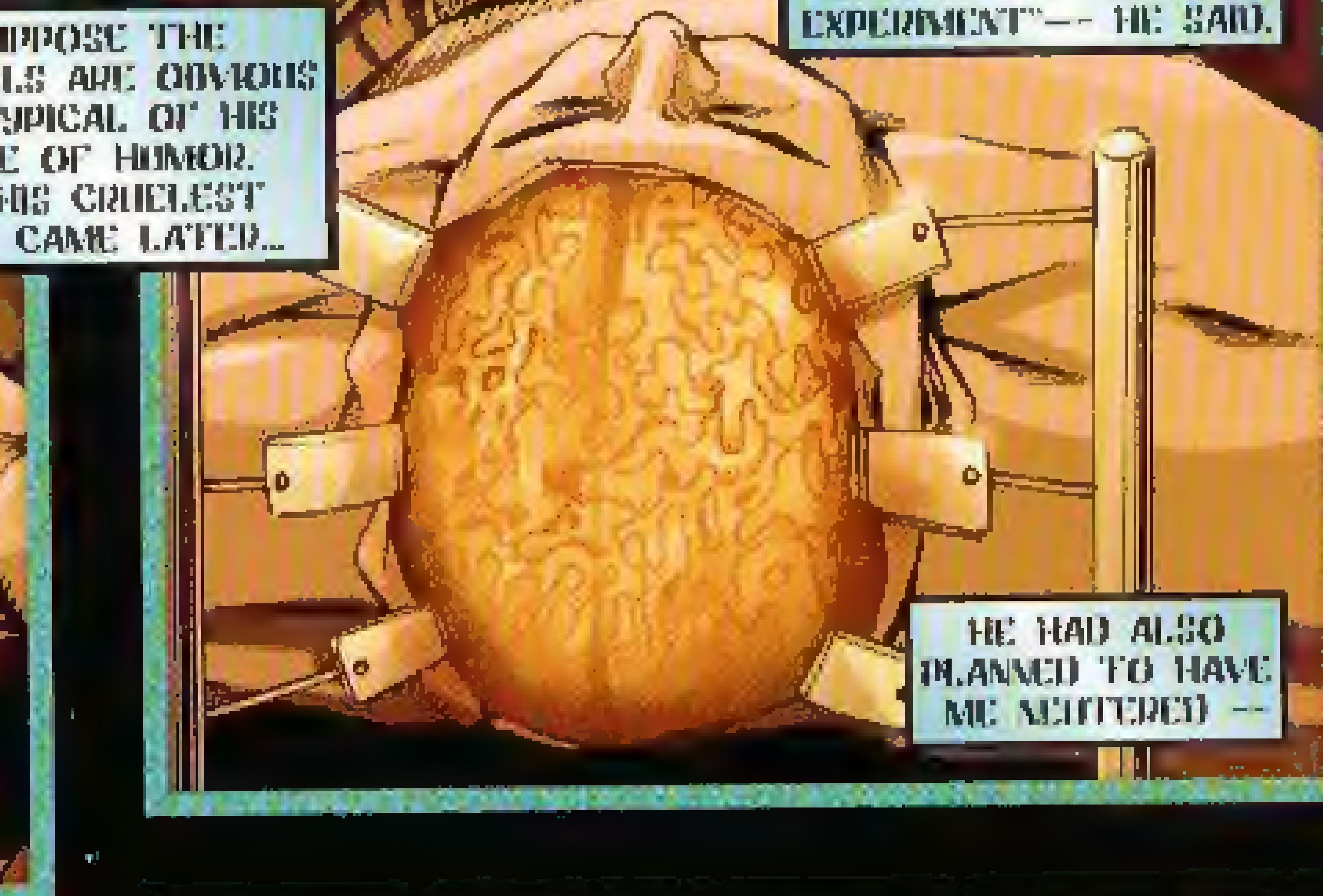
YES, YOU DO DESERVE AN ANSWER.

BUT I AM NOT SURE YOU WILL LIKE IT.

WE ALL ASSUMED HE WAS A MONSTER BECAUSE OF HOW HE LOOKED-- I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER-- BUT HE SAVED ME.



I SUPPOSE THE PARALLELS ARE OBVIOUS AND TYPICAL OF HIS SENSE OF HUMOR. BUT HIS CRUELIEST JOKES CAME LATER...



...BUT, FORTUNATELY
FOR ME, SUBSEQUENT
EVENTS INTERVENED.

I NEVER ACTUALLY
HAD THE OPPORTUNITY
TO THANK YOU...

--TILL
NOW.

UH, YEAH,
YOU'RE WELCOME...
I GUESS.
KIND OF A
LOT TO TAKE IN
THOUGH-- ALONE FOR
SO LONG THEN I FIND
XENOCYDE, AND
NOW-- YOU.
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE
ANYWAY?

"AFTER ARCHANGEL'S
DEATH, I TRACED YOU AND
XENOCYDE FOR WEEKS. BUT
IT DIDN'T SEEM SAFE TO
ACTUALLY APPROACH YOU.

"XENOCYDE ESPECIALLY
SEEMED A LITTLE
TOO... INTENSE.

"WHEN I LEARNED YOU
WERE HEADING HERE,
I FOLLOWED YOU.

"I THOUGHT THE TWO
OF US MIGHT HAVE
A BETTER CHANCE TO
COMMUNICATE ALONE.

"I COULD HAVE
MADE A BETTER
FIRST IMPRESSION.

"IT WAS PURE COINCIDENCE
THAT I WALKED RIGHT
INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE
CHUPACABRA SCARE --

-- WHICH WAS
JUST A SMOKESCREEN
FOR THE VALUSIANS'
ACTIVITIES.

"YOU TOLD ME
YOU CAME HERE TO
FIND FAMILY, VAMPI-- LOOKS
LIKE YOU HAVE. AND, MUCH
AS I HATE TO MENTION IT,
MAYBE THE VALUSIANS
WERE COUSINS TOO.

I'VE BEEN
TRYING NOT TO
THINK TOO MUCH
ABOUT THAT.

BUT IF IT'S TRUE, WE'VE GOT A RESPONSIBILITY TO SHUT DOWN WHAT'S LEFT OF THEIR OPERATION.

DR. ANGER IS PLANNING TO TAKE SOME KINDA NUKE'S OUT OF HERE.

THOSE WARHEADS CONTAIN ENRICHED DRACONIUM, THE RAREST ELEMENT IN CREATION.

IT HASN'T EXISTED IN THIS PURE STATE SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE CONSTELLATIONS --

-- WITHOUT IT THE ENTIRE MORNINGSTAR PROJECT-- NOT TO MENTION THE THIRD AND FINAL PHASE OF THE AGENDA-- CAN'T SUCCEED.

CAREFUL WITH THOSE MISSILES, MEN.

THE DREADNAUTS ARE GOING TO DESTROY THE CITY AND SLAUGHTER ITS ENTIRE POPULATION.

MAYBE IT'S SOME KIND OF SCORCHED EARTH POLICY TO COVER THEIR TRACKS OR SIMPLE REVENGE FOR THE VALUSIANS --

-- EITHER WAY, WE CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN.

CONNIE, YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST.

THE BIKE'S AUTOPilot WILL RETRACE MY ROUTE AND TAKE YOU TO SAFETY.

I GUESS THAT LEAVES THE REST UP TO US.
ANY SUGGESTIONS?

WANT TO DESTROY THE DECADONITY?

THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A NUCLEAR BOMB WAITING TO BE DETONATED.

THE RADIATION DOWN THERE WOULD BE FATAL TO YOU, BUT NOT ME.

YOU WILL HAVE TO TAKE ON ANGER ALONE.

"CAN YOU
HANDLE
IT?"

HANDLE
IT --?

-- CREEP
WON'T KNOW
WHAT HIT
HIM.

SHE'S
PERSISTENT--
I'LL GIVE HER
THAT.

BUT NOT
FOR LONG.

"NOTHING CAN
STOP ME OR THE
AGENDA NOW."

"NOT YOU."

THE
AGENDA

"THE POWER AT OUR
DISPOSAL IS LIMITLESS--
IT CAN BE USED BRUTALLY
LIKE A BLUDGEON--"

-- OR DIRECTED WITH
SURGICAL PRECISION,
LIKE A SCALPEL."







FASTEN
YOUR SEATBELT,
CREEP --

-- CAUSE YOU'RE
IN FOR A
BUMPY RIDE

SON
OF A--

-- BI--!

ALL THESE
CLEVER WEAPONS
SYSTEMS-- LOOKS
LIKE THEY FORGOT
ONE THING...

PARACHUTES.

HEADS UP.

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND YOUR CONTROL, THIS FLIGHT HAS BEEN CANCELLED.

I COULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW-- BUT MURDER'S NOT MY STYLE.

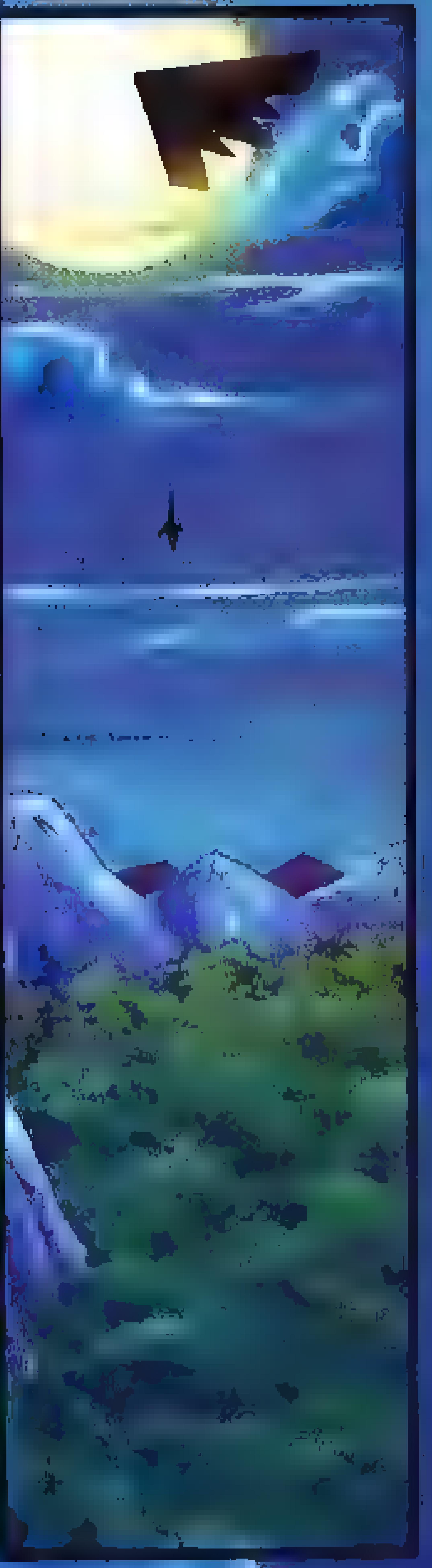
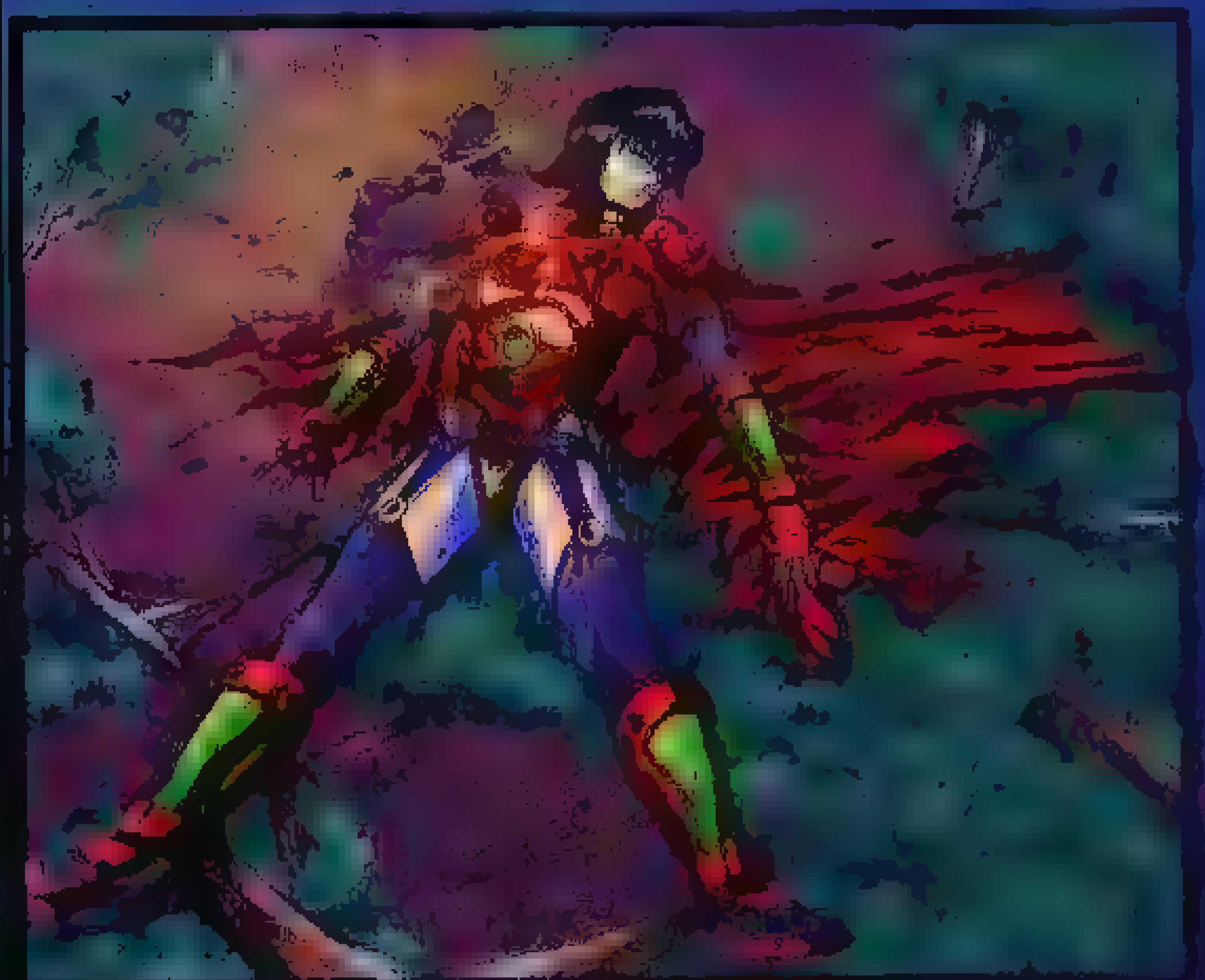
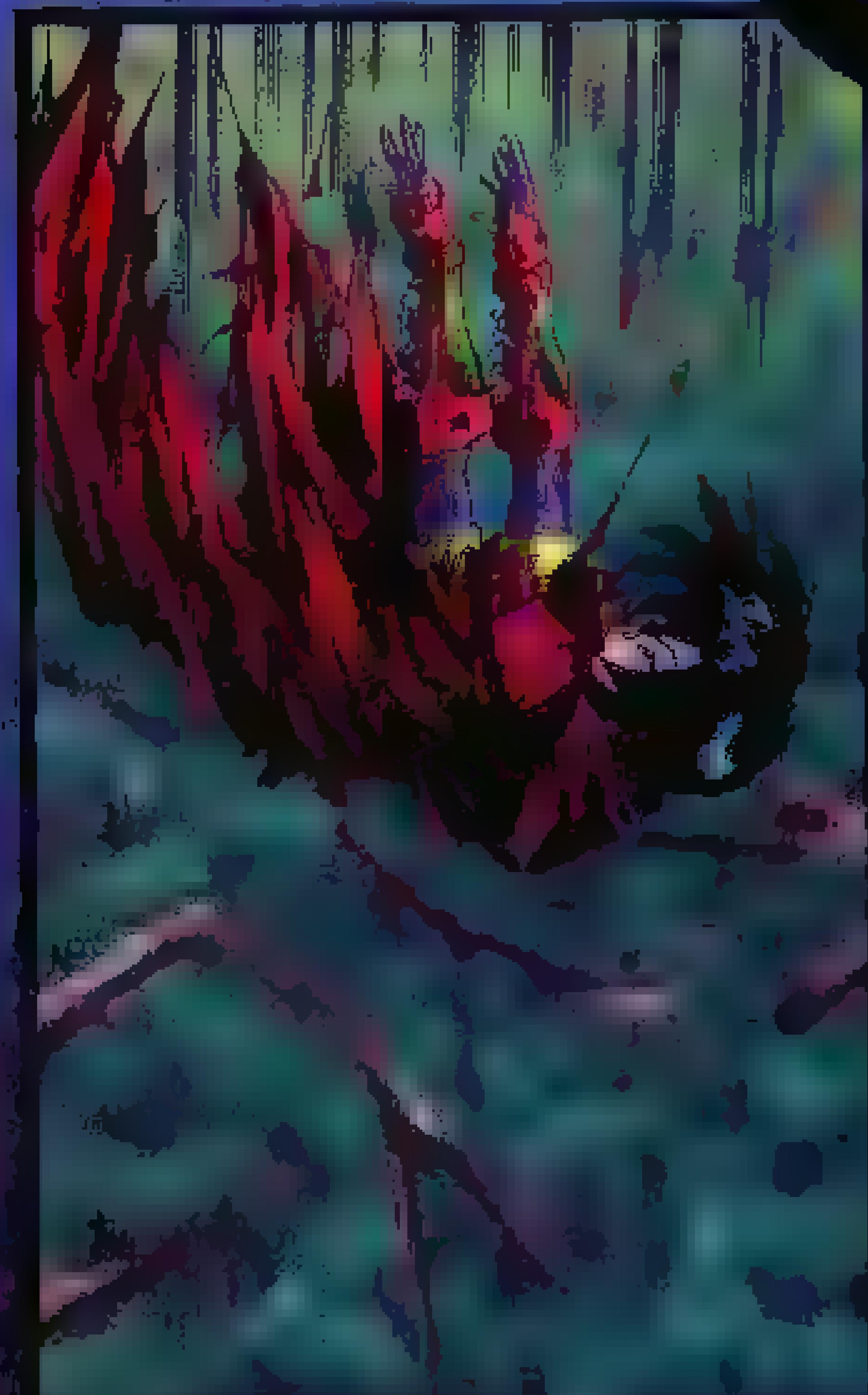
BESIDES, YOU'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER.

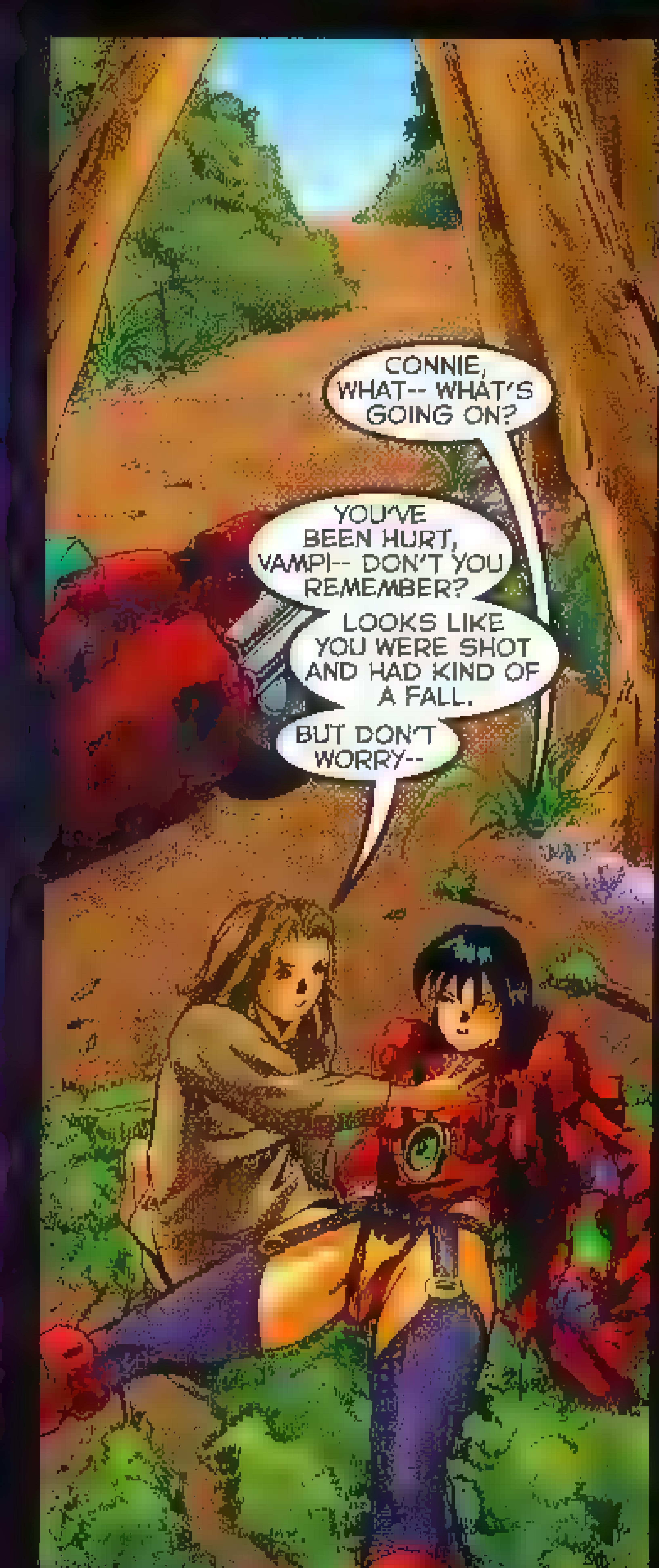
I REALLY DON'T THINK SO.

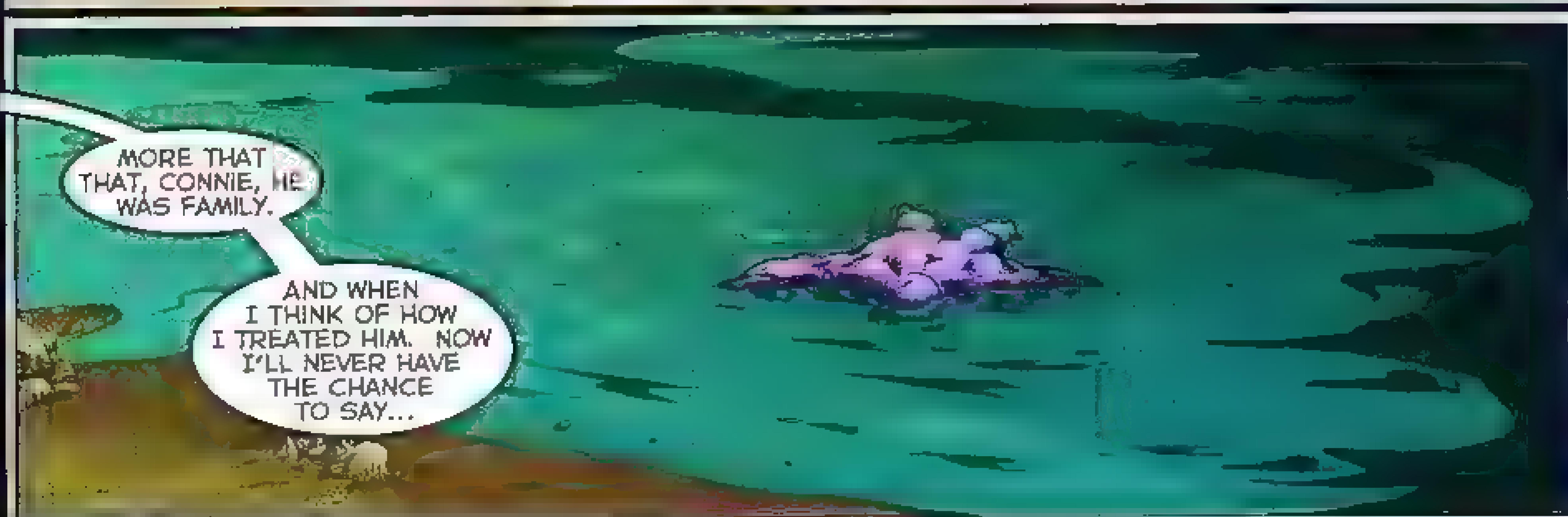
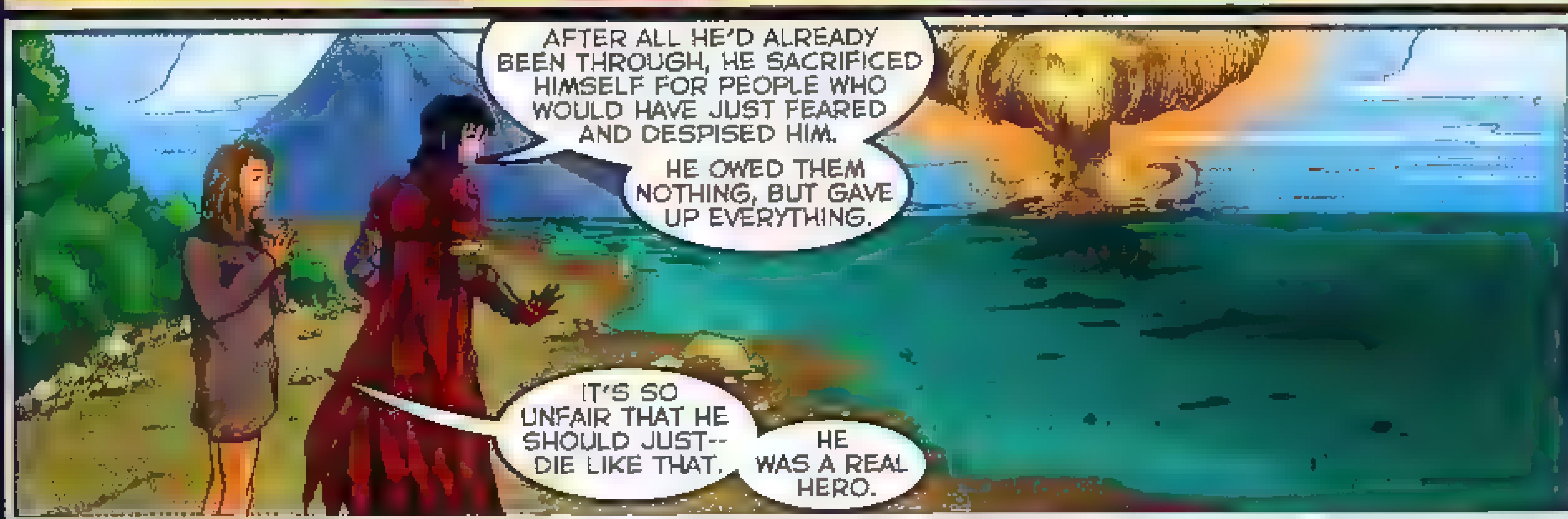
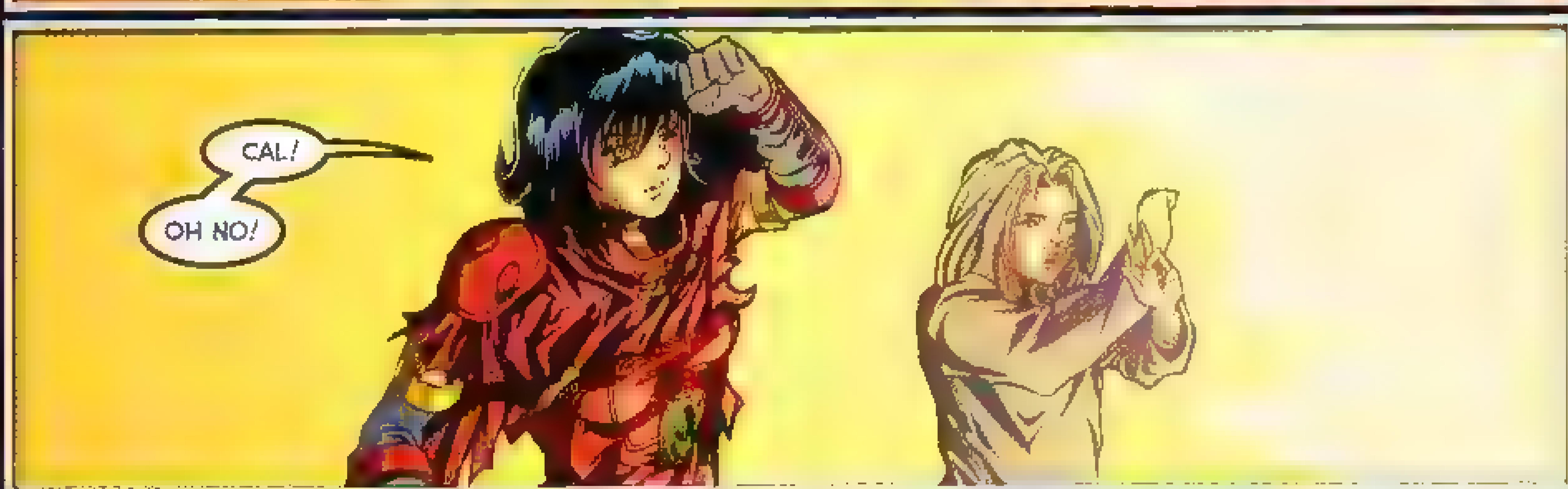
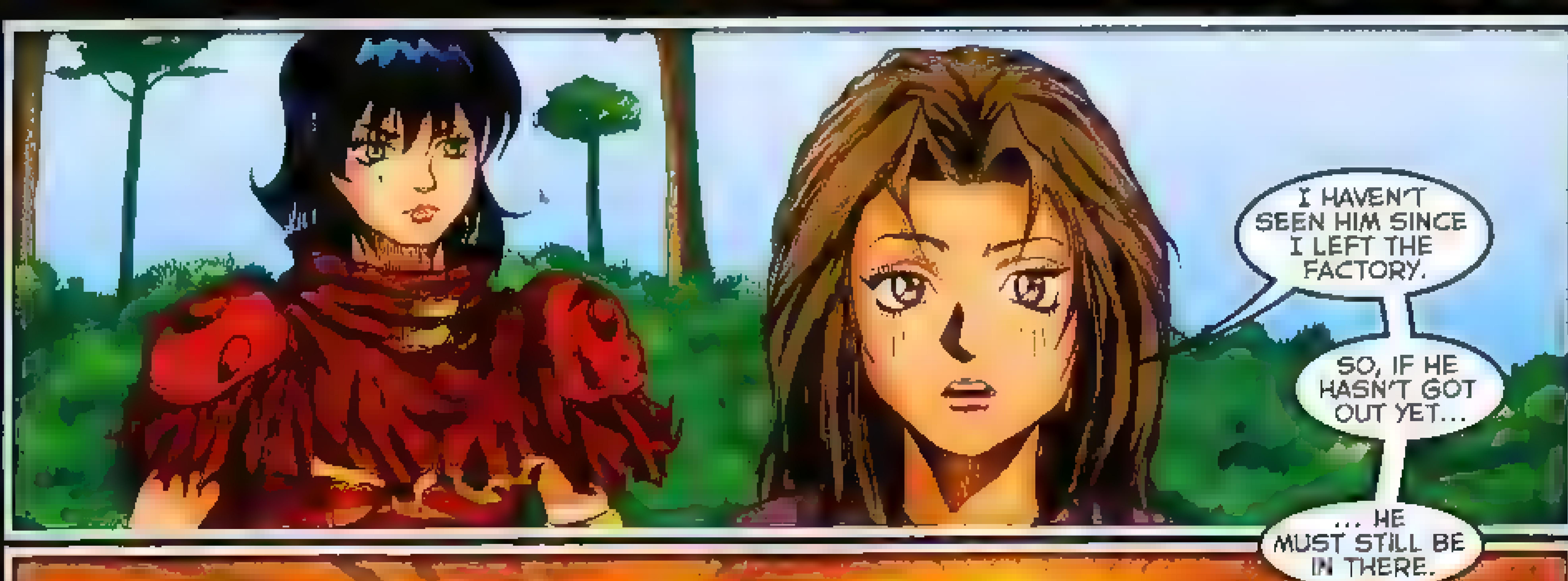
THE PLANE CAN STILL MAKE IT ON AUXILIARY POWER.

BUT IF ANYONE'S MAKING AN UNSCHEDULED LANDING HERE--

-- IT'S YOU!









"-- REMEMBER
THE VALLIANS?"

HOLY
MOTHER--!

WHAT THE
HELL IS THAT
THING?

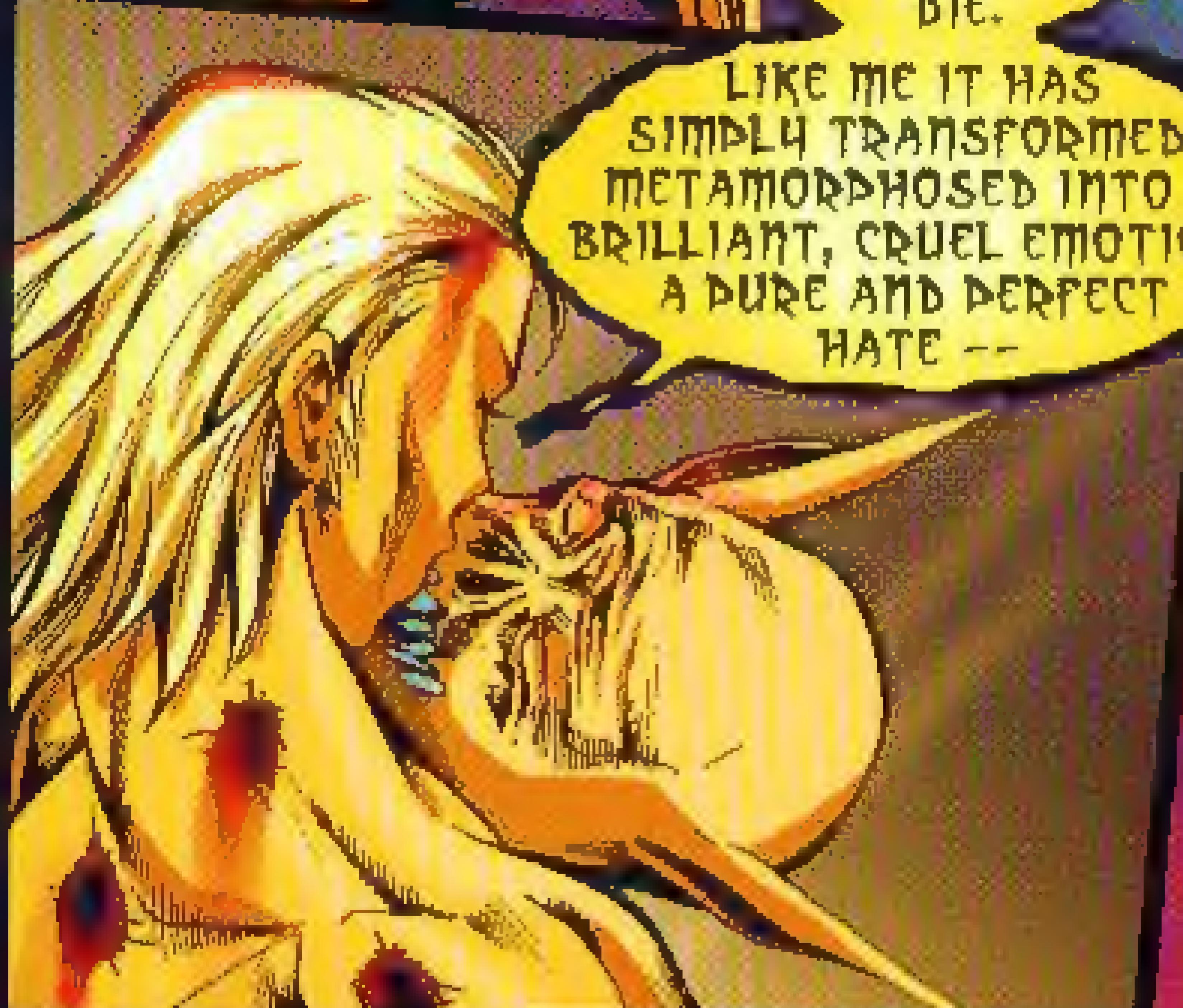
SOME KINDA
FREAK, I GUESS--
ONE OF A KIND.

ONE OF
A KIND, YOU
RECKON?

HERE'S
ANOTHER--

TAKE A
LOOK.

-- ONE.



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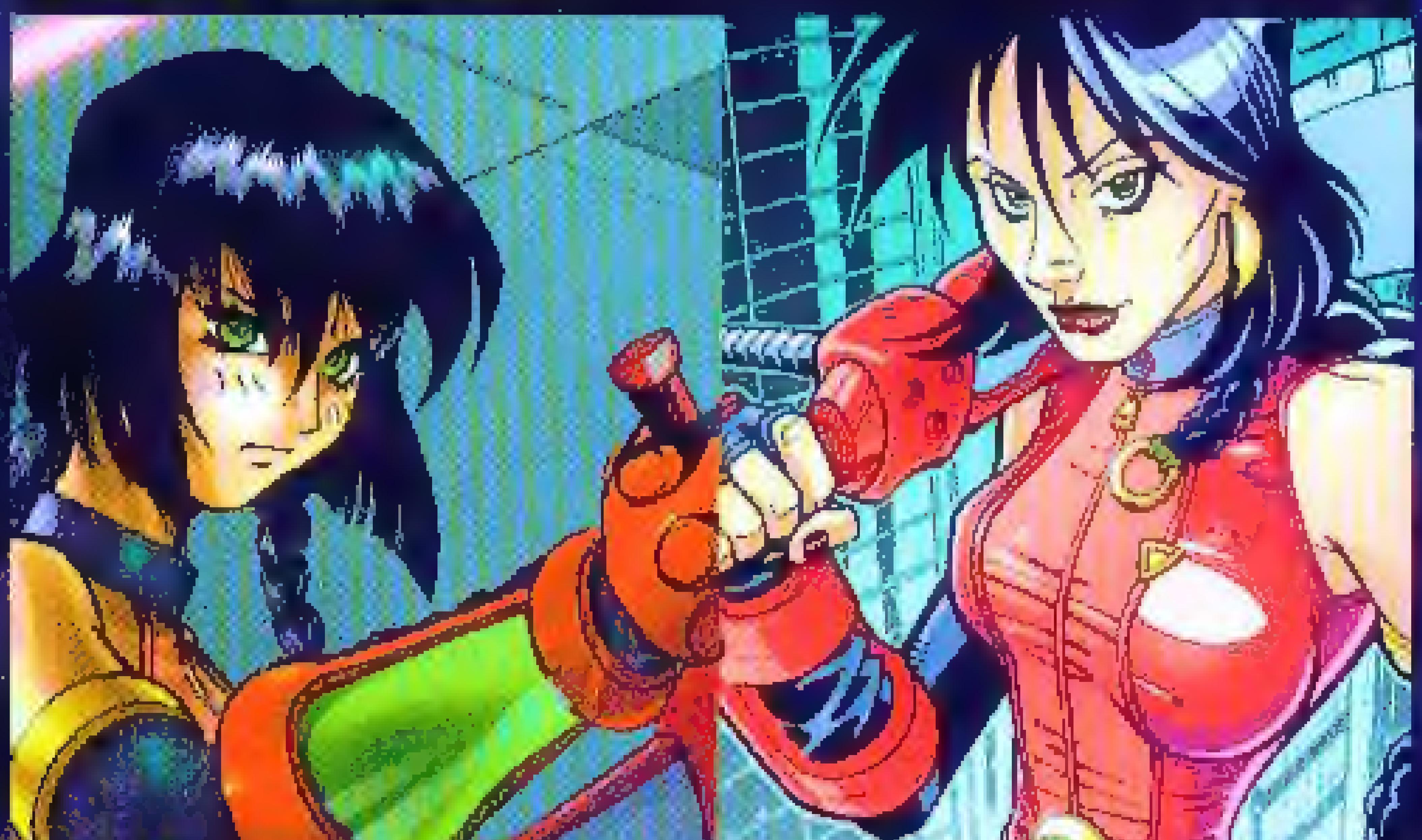
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